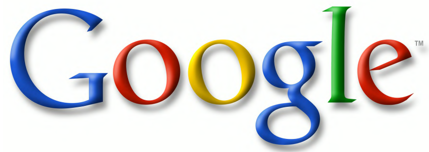

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REPORT OF A VISIT

UNIV. OF MICH.
AUG 31 1905

TO THE

Navajo, Pueblo, and Hualapais Indians

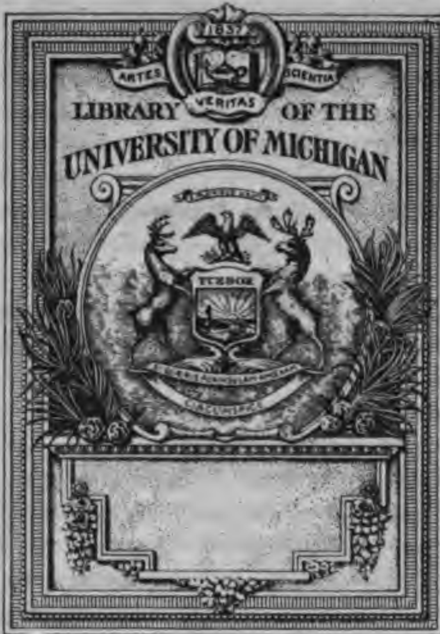
OF

NEW MEXICO AND ARIZONA,

BY

HERBERT WELSH,
COR. SEC. I. R. A.

PUBLISHED BY
THE INDIAN RIGHTS ASSOCIATION.
PHILADELPHIA, 1885.



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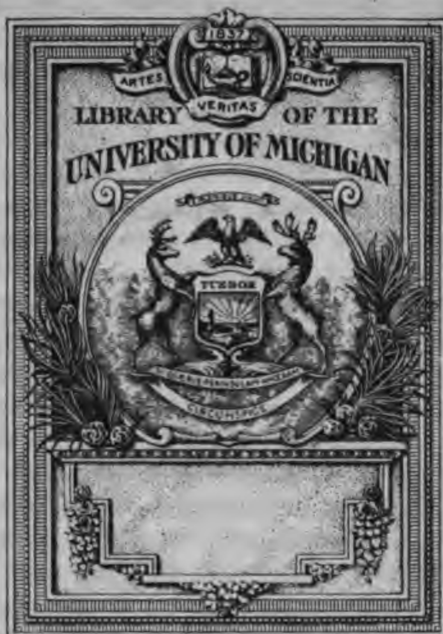

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New Mexico and Arizona, stopping for two days at St. Louis and a day in Kansas City in the interests of our work. While in St. Louis we were hospitably entertained by Dr. Charles E. Briggs, Corresponding Secretary of the branch of Indian Rights Association which was founded in that city during the past winter. The St. Louis Branch has been during the last six months actively engaged in the work.

On the morning of Sunday, May 4th, I addressed the congregation of St. George's Episcopal Church upon the Indian question. This opportunity was afforded me through the kindness of the Rector, the Rev. Dr. Fulton.

We left St. Louis on Sunday night and reached Kansas City by Monday morning. Upon our arrival we called on Rev. Henry Hopkins, Pastor of the First Congregational Church of that place, who showed marked interest in the object of our mission. To his kindness we are indebted for free transportation over the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railway, which was generously accorded to us by the authorities of that road in consideration of the public character of our work.

On the afternoon of Wednesday, May 5th, we found ourselves in the ancient town of Santa Fé, New Mexico, amid quaint and picturesque surroundings and in the enjoyment of a delightful climate. On the evening of our arrival, Rev. H. O. Ladd, President of the University of New Mexico, and Rev. E. W. Meany, Rector of the Episcopal Church in Santa Fé, called upon us. In the course of conversation relative to the object of our visit, these gentlemen expressed the opinion that it would be feasible to form a branch of our Association in Santa Fé. Such an opinion, coming from those who were informed as to the sentiment of the place, was an encouraging sign, and subsequent events proved that these gentlemen were not mistaken in their expectations.

On Thursday morning, shortly after ten o'clock, we started by wagon from Santa Fé for the old Indian village, or pueblo, of San Ildefonso. Our party consisted of Professor Ladd, who kindly consented to be our escort; Mr. Reed, of the United States Indian

From

INDIAN RIGHTS ASSOCIATION,
1305 ARCH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA, April 2, 1895.

April 18, 95

I have read Miss Sparhawk's story, "Senator Intrigue and Inspector Noseby," with deep interest and with equal satisfaction; for it speaks vividly and veraciously of that evil in administration which many years of experience in public affairs has led me to regard as the curse, not only of our National System of Indian Management, but of every branch and twig of our American Politics—the hateful Spoils System.

I hope and believe that this skilful bit of intertwined truth and romance will prove a power to awaken to some sort of practical endeavor, against this blight on our national manliness and honesty, many men and women who, but for its picturesque appeal,—failing to notice a helpless fellow-being fallen among thieves, and in need of succor,—would have "passed by on the other side."

HERBERT WELSH.

Copies of this book will be sent to persons applying for them to the above address, on receipt of $1.00, postpaid.

SENATOR INTRIGUE AND INSPECTOR NOSEBY;

A TALE OF SPOILS.

BY

FRANCES CAMPBELL SPARHAWK,

Author of "Onoqua," "A Wedding Tangle," "A Chronicle of Conquest," "Little Polly Batchley," etc.

The following extracts are from the comments of well known persons who have seen the story in MS.

"It is interesting and seems to me to give a very graphic idea of the spoils system," writes Richard H. Dana, Esq.

The Hon. Theodore Roosevelt says: "I began to read the story as soon as I received it, from a sense of duty. After the first half dozen pages I went on and finished it because I so thoroughly enjoyed it, and so thoroughly believe in it. I think the story excellent. It made me both sad and indignant to think that such things are possible, and I think the publication will do great good."

Mrs. Sara T. Kinney says of it: "I have read the story with keen interest and like it better than any of the writer's previous stories. She makes her points—good, strong telling ones they are, too—without unnecessary circumlocution, and the interest in the story is equably sustained from the opening."

Miss Mary E. Dewey says: "I read the new book with much satisfaction. I think that such a dramatic representation as this will produce much more impression upon the general mind than pages of arguments or laborious essays."

Rev. Edward G. Porter, literary critic, writes of the story: "It deserves to be widely read; it is in all respects an excellent piece of work. The characters are well drawn, the style generally easy and forcible. The occasional bold touches are in order, especially when a strong character is portrayed. The conviction of the reader as to the writer's sincerity makes the story painfully interesting."

Rev. Daniel Dorchester, D.D., formerly Superintendent United States Indian Schools, says: "I have found it true to life and very lively. I have seen many such things and people as it describes."

"I have read the story with great interest," writes Mr. M. C. Hazard, Editor Congregational Publishing Society.

"I have read 'Senator Intrigue and Inspector Noseby' with unflagging interest to the end," says Rev. Edward A. Horton, President Unitarian School Society. "The writer has a happy way of shifting the scene and varying the incidents so that the story runs on without monotony. I should say that such a story would accomplish a great deal toward creating a righteous indignation against the spoils system."

Service; Mr. Frederic Gardiner, Alonzo Montoyo, a very intelligent Pueblo Indian, and myself. The landscape through which our road lay is one of peculiar beauty. The soil is sandy—much of it apparently unfit for cultivation—and at present, after the long, dry season of many months, is almost unbroken by fresh vegetation. A species of white cedar abounds, interspersed by the prevalent sage-brush. We passed occasionally a Mexican farm-house or group of cottages which were, from their similarity of color to the soil, scarcely distinguishable from the ground on which they stood. That which gives dignity and beauty to the scene and in which its peculiar charm rests is the line of snow-capped mountains by which the table-land is encircled and the extraordinary brilliancy of sky and atmosphere which hangs over and surrounds all. This is indeed the land of sunlight. From time to time we passed a Mexican mountaineer driving a number of diminutive donkeys ("bouros") before him, loads of firewood heaped high upon their backs, as he trudged over the dusty highway down to Santa Fé. After we had journeyed nine or ten miles we saw, lying to our left, the ancient pueblo of Tesuque, and hard by a group of its Indian inhabitants plowing their fields with oxen. The occasional glimmer of a bit of scarlet drapery among them shone pleasantly against the dry, brown fields.

These Indians are the descendants of those people whom the Spaniards conquered and enslaved more than two centuries ago. They and the residents of the other pueblos (nineteen in number, similar to that of Tesuque) seem to get on very peaceably with the white people of the Territory, by whom, so far as I can judge, they are liked and respected. They are an agricultural people, receiving little or nothing from the Government in rations. They earn a scanty living from the cultivation of their fields. I will here make a brief statement of statistics relative to the Pueblo Indians which may not be without interest to the general reader. For many of the following facts I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. Pedro Sanchez, United States Indian Agent to the Pueblos, in whom these Indians have found a wise and faithful friend.

There are nineteen (19) pueblos (villages), viz.: Zuni, Acoma, Laguna, Isleta, Sandia, Santa-Ana, Zia, Jemez, San Felipe, Santo Domingo, Cochite, San Ildefonso, Santa Clara, San Juan, Pojoaque, Nambe, Picuris, Taos, and Tesuque.

The number of Indians residing in each of these villages respectively is: Zuni, 1,626; Acoma, 650; Laguna, 1,130; Isleta, 1,200; Sandia, 300; Santa-Ana, 285; Zia, 100; Jemez, 450; San Felipe, 578; Santo Domingo, 750; Cochite, 300; San Ildefonso, 150; Santa Clara, 194; San Juan, 429; Pojoaque, 18; Nambe, 58; Picuris, 115; Taos, 415; Tesuque, 90. Of the entire population of these villages about five thousand are females, four thousand males.

With the exception of the Pueblos of Laguna and Isleta, these Indians are decreasing in number.

The Pueblo Indians own about one million and ninety thousand acres of land, of which they cultivate about twenty-five thousand. Their crops compare well with those raised by the whites. They plant more and raise more. They own the choicest land.

Regarding the education of these Indians, my own opinion fully concurs with that of Mr. Sanchez; the children should be taken out of the villages to some point not too remote from their homes, where they can obtain a practical education. I believe that no better place could be chosen for the establishment of an Industrial Training School with such an end in view than Santa Fé. Its central position, delightful and healthful climate, arable soil, mark it as a spot admirably suited to such an enterprise. Such a project, I have good reason to believe, would find favor both in the eyes of Indians and the public-spirited citizens of Santa Fé. It is generally supposed that but one sentiment exists in the minds of men in the far West regarding the Indians—a sentiment of hostility tempered only by contempt. I have been strongly impressed, through recent experience in the Southwest, with the belief that this opinion is far from correct. It is not one that presents a just view of the best class of Western people. I have met many representative men, I have talked

to them frequently regarding the present conditions of the Indian problem, and I have explained to them the views advanced by the Indian Rights Association as to the best methods of solving it. I have spoken with these gentlemen regarding the practicability of educating Indian children, the necessity for the advancement of Agents' salaries, by which means alone the higher grade of men can be kept in the service. Touching all these points I have found no one who has differed materially from me.

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon we reached our destination, the pueblo of San Ildefonso. It is difficult for me to convey the impression produced upon my own mind on entering this curious village. It seemed as though in a moment of time we had stepped from the life of to-day and all the familiar features of our own civilization into some remote and unknown period. We drove through a narrow roadway into the centre of the village and found ourselves in a large open plaza upon which all the doors and windows of the village opened. The bare monotony of this square formed by the adobe houses of the pueblo was somewhat relieved by a few trees, just coming into blossom, and rough wooden structures for storing fodder. We noticed ladders leaning against many of the houses, by which access might be had to the low, flat roofs. It seems to be a favorite amusement of the children to scamper over the tops of the dwellings, and to hide behind the little parapets by which the edge of the roof is defended. We were objects of universal curiosity upon our arrival, and a motley group of men, women, and children gathered around us and bid us welcome.

The Pueblo Indians can lay but small claim to physical beauty. They are small in stature, but thick set and strongly built. They wear the coarse black hair hanging loose upon their shoulders, or bound in two plaits and fastened at the ends with a piece of bright-colored stuff. The locks which fall upon the forehead are suffered to grow to a level with the eyes, and then are cut squarely off, according to a fashion which has found

recent favor among more civilized communities. It is a common custom among the men to bind a red handkerchief about the brows, leaving the top of the head uncovered.

I found time to take a pencil sketch of the village from a point of view looking toward the northwest, and showing the distant line of snow-clad mountains. This seemed to give great delight to the women and children, who gathered close about me, chatting and laughing merrily among themselves. Looking from where I sat to the northward, I saw a lofty hill like a battlemented castle rising majestically above the roofs of the pueblo. This hill is called the Mesita (or little table-land). It is distant from the village about one mile and a half, forms one of the most striking objects within a radius of many miles, and has associated with it an event of historic interest. It was here that the united tribes of the Pueblo Indians, who had successfully broken the Spanish yoke by the rebellion of 1680, made their last stand against the conquering arms of Vargas. In the afternoon we visited the Mesita and climbed its highest peak. Its appearance is most imposing, as it stands alone in the midst of the great plain, the waters of the Rio Grande crawling at its feet. The first approaches lie over sloping hills of sand covered with a scant vegetation. These soon break into great blackened masses of volcanic rock, which must have afforded marvelous defenses to the Indians and sorely taxed the valor of the Spaniards. The upper ledges of the Mesita are so steep as to appear like artificial fortifications built by the hand of man. From the summit we enjoyed a grand view of the broad plain, with its boundary of mountains, and the Rio Grande flowing through it until hidden within the walls of the distant cañons. When we reached the Pueblo on our return, a full moon was high in the heavens, and stars were shining through the cloudless night with a brilliancy which I thought I had never seen equaled. That evening under the porches of one of the houses of the village which faced the moonlit plaza we held a council with the principal men among the Indians. The Governor, the Cacique, and a number of the chiefs were present. In the

shadows of the porch we could distinguish the features of none; we were only able to descry dark figures leaning against the posts, which supported the roof of the porch, or seated upon the benches. An Indian woman came out from a neighboring doorway bringing a little pan filled with live coals, which she placed upon the ground. Near it was a package of cigarettes, to which those present were expected to help themselves. Professor Ladd, Mr. Gardiner, and I made brief addresses to the Indians, which were translated by Mr. Reed for them into Spanish. We explained to them the object of our visit, and how we had been sent out to them as representatives of the Indian Rights Association, a Society which had been formed for the purpose of promoting the welfare of the Indians. We then asked them explicitly whether they desired the education of their children, and, if the opportunity were offered, whether they would be willing to send them to school. After we had finished speaking, the Indians held a long conversation among themselves in their own language, at the close of which they said to us that they appreciated our kindness in coming to visit them, and that they were glad to see us; they were anxious to have their children educated, and would be willing to send them to school in Santa Fé, or northward of that place. This they would do from September until planting time in the spring. Then the children would be needed at home for farm work. We replied that we would tell the men at Washington what their wish was in this matter.

Before the close of our conference, the Indians referred to another matter upon which they desired our opinion. They told us that an American living some distance up the cañon had done them much harm by killing and stealing their cattle. They had caught him in the act. Would they not be doing well to kill this man? They had gone to report this fact to their Agent, but he was absent at the time from Santa Fé, and they were afraid it might be a long time before justice would be done them if they awaited his return. I will here state that this very summary line of action proposed by the Indians is not uncom-

monly adopted by the whites of the Territories under similar circumstances.

We strongly urged our friends, however, to a safer, if less expeditious, course. We advised them to report the matter to their Agent and to rely solely on the slow process of the law. With this advice, which, I doubt not, was adopted, the Council closed. Accepting the hospitality of our host, Alonzo Montoyo, we retired to pass our first night in an Indian pueblo. The following day we returned to Santa Fé. On Saturday at noon I left Santa Fé for Albuquerque, whither Mr. Gardiner had gone on the day previous. The journey was slow and wearisome, and we suffered some annoyance from the fierce gusts of wind and dust that frequently assailed us. We passed close to the pueblos of Cochite, San Felipe, and Sandia on our way. We saw the Indians working in their fields, hoeing or irrigating their crops. I reached Albuquerque at six o'clock, and during the evening received a visit from Professor Bryan, Superintendent of the Government Boarding School for Indian Children, located at this place. I learned from him that Mr. Gardiner was still at the school building two miles out of town, where he had been busy all day taking photographs of the children and listening to recitations in the school-room. On Sunday, after we had attended service in the Episcopal Church, Professor Bryan called for us in his wagon and took us to the Indian school. Here we dined and passed the afternoon very pleasantly, being present at the Sunday-school exercises of the Indian children. Their power of memory is remarkable. One boy repeated correctly in English the whole of the fourteenth chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians; another an entire chapter from St. John's Gospel.

It was interesting to hear Professor Bryan talk about the children of the school and the encouragements and discouragements to be met with in the progress of the work. The majority of the boys and girls come from the neighboring pueblos, but quite a number are from the Ute tribe, of Colorado. The Ute children, when they first came to the school, were very

averse to work, thinking that an occupation only fit for women. Professor Bryan did not immediately press the matter, but little by little, with gentle and judicious management, overcame this prejudice. He was so successful that the Ute boys now do their full share of household and farm work. Last summer they became so much interested in a watermelon patch, which had been placed under their exclusive charge, that they appointed one of their number every night to mount guard, in order to prevent the neighboring whites from stealing the fruit. While Professor Bryan and I were standing on the porch chatting together after Sunday-school, a Ute boy came up to ask permission to work on the new buildings the following day. To be permitted to engage in this work they regard as an especial favor.

The present buildings of the school are miserably inadequate to its needs. They are one story in height, and are built of adobe brick. In the rainy season the roof will not keep out the storms. The rooms are overcrowded. A new building is now being erected by the Government within one-quarter mile of the old. This will give accommodation for one hundred and fifty scholars.*

We returned to Albuquerque on Sunday evening, but on Monday morning again passed an hour or so in the school-room hearing the Indian children recite. I did not think them so attractive, or in appearance so intelligent, as the Sioux children of the North, with whom I am more familiar; but they certainly did themselves full credit in their recitations. I can speak a very hearty word of commendation for Professor Bryan and the corps of teachers, principally ladies, who share his labors. Their work is evidently not perfunctory, but full of love for the poor children committed to their care, and full of enthusiasm for their elevation in manhood and womanhood.

Monday afternoon was passed in visiting a number of the leading men of Albuquerque, to whom Professor Bryan kindly introduced us. To all of them I broached the subject of form-

* Since writing the above this has been completed and is now occupied.

ing a branch of the Indian Rights Association in their town, a proposition which in all cases was favorably received.

At 4.30 A. M. of the day following we took the train for the Navajo Reservation. At 10.30 A. M. of the same day (Tuesday, May 13th), we reached Manuelito, a small station on the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad twenty-five miles from Fort Defiance. Here we were met by Major Riordan, ex-Agent of the Navajos, a tribe of Indians for which Fort Defiance, an abandoned military post, now serves as agency. By the resignation of Major Riordan, a man of high character and marked ability, the Government has lost one of the most valuable officers employed in the Indian service. He was a model Indian Agent, possessing qualities rarely united in one man. His candor, bravery, and sympathy were so marked as to win from the people over whom he exercised authority, respect and affection. Riordan fell a victim to the unjust and foolish system which the parsimony of Congress has forced the Indian Department to adopt; he was obliged to resign on account of his meagre salary—a sum utterly inadequate to reward his ability and labors. It is difficult to understand how any man can be expected honestly and competently to perform the duties of Indian Agent upon a reservation including ten thousand square miles and containing a population of seventeen thousand souls, for the sum of fifteen hundred dollars per annum, or at most two thousand dollars.

The Indian Agent is the pivot of the Indian problem. Upon him more than upon any one man rests the solution of the question. Force from the service such men as Doctor McGillycuddy among the Sioux, Lewellan among the Mescallero Apaches, Riordan among the Navajos, and Pedro Sanchez among the Pueblos, and Congress will have taken the best means possible to block the Indian's pathway to civilization. So highly were Major Riordan's services appreciated by the Navajos that, upon learning that his resignation was the result of insufficient salary, they, of their own free will, offered to add to the sum that he received from the Government one thousand dollars. This was to be drawn from their annuities.

Major Riordan could only remain with us a moment at Manuelito, as he was obliged to take the train which had brought us from Albuquerque in order to return to his home at Flagstaff. He put us in charge of Chee, the Agency Interpreter, waved a farewell from the car platform, and was off.

Chee was in waiting for us at the station with a pair of Government horses and a buckboard. I will state one fact concerning this man that will serve to throw some light upon his character. His value as an interpreter was so highly appreciated that he was offered a position in that capacity at Fort Wingate, with a salary of seventy-five dollars a month. At that time he received but twenty-five dollars a month as interpreter at the Navajo Agency. He refused this tempting offer, since his acceptance of it would separate him from his people and cut off all opportunities of laboring for their advancement. I know of other instances of similar unselfishness on his part.

The road from Manuelito to Fort Defiance lies through a sandy, barren tract of country, sparsely covered with vegetation and broken by rough, stony hills. At some points the scenery is grotesque and impressive. Huge cliffs of red sandstone rise abruptly from the broad, arid plains, assuming fantastic forms. At one moment we seemed to look upon a great fortress frowning from the neighboring hills; again, an Oriental city, with domes of mosques and slender minarets, meets the eye. We passed on the way to the Agency a number of Indians preparing a rough piece of ground for cultivation.

The Navajos are a remarkable people, and, with every fresh chance I have had of observing their characteristics, I have become more fully convinced that an encouraging future is before them if we treat them wisely.

The dress of the Navajo men usually consists of a pair of calico trousers, a shirt, a blanket of their own manufacture, a red silk handkerchief bound about the head, and such ornaments of silver, coral, turquoise, or beads as their means will permit. Their marked intelligence, pastoral habits, and their independence of Government support form a solid basis upon which we may

work for their rapid advancement in civilization. Water is the great need of this country. We passed but one stream on our way to Fort Defiance, and even this, which is formed by the melting of mountain snows, is dry in summer.

We reached the Agency at three o'clock in the afternoon and there received a hearty welcome from Mr. Marshall, Acting Agent, Dr. Sampson, the Agency Physician, and the other Government employees.

Fort Defiance could hardly have been better adapted to serve as a military post—for which it was originally intended—than it is now suited to the needs of an Indian Agency. It consists of a number of rude adobe buildings so arranged as to form a hollow square, with a large, sandy plaza in the centre. Steep, rocky hills overlook the fort, so that an enemy in time of war might pour into it such a destructive fire as to render the place utterly untenable. The fort was erected about the year 1855 by an officer of the army (so the story runs) who was dared by the Navajo Indians to establish himself in this dangerous spot. From this incident the name Fort Defiance is said to have been derived.

To one fact regarding this place I can bear witness from careful personal observation. It is altogether unfit in its present state to serve as an Indian Agency. The quarters provided for the majority of the Government employees are scarcely fit for cattle, and certainly are not such as men and women, faithful in the discharge of their duty to the public service, should be compelled to occupy. The roofs of these wretched dwellings, excepting in the case of the school building and the Agent's house, are not storm-proof. They consist of layers formed of the branches of trees, with wisps of hay or straw spread between; on top of this structure is plastered a thick coating of mud. The ceiling is usually composed of cotton sheeting, which is designed to protect the occupant of the house from dust and dirt. Otherwise, during storms, the dirt would continually filter through upon their heads. The mud foundations of these houses have, in many instances, been so completely undermined

by water, which works upon them during the rainy season, that any attempt to mend the roofs threatens the destruction of the walls by removing their only support. During storms, the rain works its way in under the floor, keeping the ground damp and unhealthy. The present condition of these buildings is a disgrace to the Government, and should not be suffered to continue.

On the evening of our arrival at Fort Defiance we held a long conversation with Manuelito, one of the leading chiefs among the Navajos. He and several other Indians met and conversed with us in our room. We explained to Manuelito the object of our visit, which was to understand the condition of his people, their needs and possibilities in the future, so that, upon our return to the East, we might bring these matters to the attention of those who would be willing and able to act upon them. Manuelito's reply was sensible and to the point. He spoke of the necessity for an enlargement of the Reservation, particularly on the south in the direction of the railroad. The high, mountainous parts of the Navajo country, where the Indians drive their flocks and herds for pasture during the summer—these, he said, were too cold and snowbound to permit of their being so used during the summer. The Navajos at that season were obliged to seek the lower and more sheltered country. He expressed himself strongly in favor of schools for their children, if the Government would plant them here among their people and not compel the children to go to far distant places in the East. There, he said, children would be widely separated from their own people, and might die without their parents being able to reach them. He then alluded to the fact that out of a number of boys sent to an Eastern school several had died. The father of one of the boys who still remains in the East was present while Manuelito was speaking, and begged us to use our influence to have his son returned. I then learned that a cruel hoax had been played upon the old man by some of the whites living on the line of the railroad. They sent word to him that his son was dead. The father started for the Agency the moment this intelligence reached him at his home, and rode a distance of fifty miles dur-

ing the night to learn whether the news were true. Although assured that it was false, his mind since that time had never been completely satisfied, and the fear that he manifested during the interview for the safety of his child was sufficient proof that these people are at least not destitute of strong natural affection.

Manuelito spoke very positively of the service Major Riordan had rendered the Navajos during the time he had spent among them, and the loss they had suffered by his resignation. He could not understand why a man who had proved himself so worthy an officer of the Government, and who was so beloved by the Indians, could not stay. With a promise on the part of Mr. Gardiner and myself that we would do all in our power for the advancement of his people, our interview with Manuelito was concluded. The following morning, May 14th, Mr. Gardiner and I visited the Government Boarding School for Indian Children. It is a large stone building, three stories in height, with dormitories capable of accommodating between fifty and seventy-five scholars. The building was finished by a former agent of the Navajos, and seems to have been designed by him as a stronghold in the event of trouble with the Indians, quite as much as for the purpose for which it was nominally erected. Bullet-proof shutters were provided for the windows in case of attack. These rest peacefully in the cellar, never having been brought into requisition. There is no more fatal blow to the confidence of an Indian than evidence on the part of a white man of distrust and fear. A word as to the past history of this school: Major Riordan states that when he came to the agency one hundred and four scholars were recorded as in attendance, whereas not more than thirty children of school age belonged to the institution. Infants in arms and octogenarians were upon the rolls, and the school was more like a hospital or infirmary than that which its name implies. A gentleman prominent in public life, becoming acquainted with these facts, about two years ago singled out the Navajo school for a fierce onslaught in the halls of Congress, thereby leading many to infer that all

schools upon reservations were useless. The reduction of one hundred thousand dollars from the Indian appropriation bill of that year was probably due to this fact.

The management of the school when we were at Fort Defiance presented a bright contrast to what seemed to have been the management of the past. Miss Coffin and Miss McIvor, the two ladies at the time of our visit in charge of the school, were doing excellent work. They have established discipline and have fully won the confidence of the children. There was abundant evidence of obedience and love in the school-room. The children themselves should inspire any one with enthusiasm for the work. They furnish fine material for the craft of a true teacher. They have healthy bodies, quick, ready minds, active sympathies. The great problem is to bring this susceptible, pliant childhood into living contact with the Christian genius of the land.

We cannot be too careful of the men and women whom we choose for the work. Dead wood is not wanted in the mission field. The self-seeker is soon detected and scorned, both by the shrewd frontiersman and the sharp-witted, though ignorant, Indian. Cora, a Pawnee girl educated at Carlisle, is assisting in the work of the school. She has pleasant, modest manners, and is doing well. On Tuesday afternoon, Mr. Gardiner photographed some of the Indian school-children. Among them was one little girl not at that time a member of the school, though she has since joined it. She is a child of striking beauty, with fine, dark eyes, regularly and delicately modeled features, and a most winning expression. Nothing could be more attractive than the unconscious grace of this child of nature. On Tuesday afternoon, Mr. Marshall, Mr. Gardiner, and I strolled a short distance from the Agency into a wild, rocky gorge known as Bonito Cañon. A stream of good water flows through the valley, which the Government is trying to utilize by building a heavy stone dam near the mouth of the gorge. The attempt has been made before, but failed, owing to the immense volume of water which the stream carries when swollen by sudden rains. The strength

of the dam was found insufficient to resist the sudden shock. Now, however, a very heavy ballast of stone is used which promises to win success.* We found a large body of workmen, under the direction of Mr. Stuart, the Agency carpenter and blacksmith, perched upon the steep walls of the cañon and engaged in rolling down rocks upon the pile already formed below. Mr. Gardiner proposed that the party should form a group upon the top of the dam, and that he should photograph them there, so that they and their handiwork might be recorded together. As Mr. Marshall called to them, and his voice echoed through the narrow defile, the Indians came leaping nimbly down over the rocks with the agility of mountain sheep, shouting and laughing like school-boys. From what I have myself seen of the Navajos, I judge them to be generally a cheerful and light-hearted people. Mr. Marshall and Mr. Stuart spoke well of them as workers when they are guided by a man of tact and patience. During the cold weather of last winter, these men labored faithfully upon the dam. They were wretchedly clad, and were obliged to stand in snow knee deep, even at times when they were rather dissuaded from so doing by the Agent on account of the severity of the weather. I am persuaded that, to make the Navajos a people worthy of citizenship, a credit to themselves and to the Territories in which they live, to lift them up from barbaric darkness into light, and to avoid all danger of their enmity in the future, it is but necessary to govern them with justice and wisdom.

The kind of control which they most need and desire is such as they received at the hands of Major Riordan, whose administration was at once vigorous and just, decided and sympathetic.

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*The following interesting statement from Mr. Marshall, under date of September 3d, reached me after my return to Philadelphia: "The dam here was worth thousands of dollars to the Indians this season. They irrigated from the ditches leading away from it on either side of the stream, * * * and have raised elegant gardens and patches of corn. About seventy-five families made use of the water and cultivated their little farms, and have thereby raised abundance to feed them far into the coming year. All over the Reservation a much greater interest in farming and building houses is *manifested.*"

In order to gain a clear conception of the Navajo Reservation, its resources, and the habits of the people who dwell within its boundaries, Mr. Gardiner and I determined, so far as the brief time at our disposal would permit, to traverse it in various directions. Traveling on Indian ponies we found was our only means of transportation; but as this method was both agreeable and healthful, we gladly availed ourselves of it. We hired ponies from the Indians, and set out on the morning of May 15th toward Washington Pass, a point lying to the northeast of Fort Defiance. Our party consisted of Mr. Marshall, the acting Agent, Chee, the interpreter, Mr. Gardiner, and myself. The Navajo ponies, on which we were mounted, are insignificant in appearance, even when compared with the average American horse. Lean and light-limbed, with drooping head and sleepy eye, they would not inspire one who saw them for the first time with confidence in their power of endurance. But in this respect they belie their appearance. For the use to which the Indians put them, and the nature of the country in which they live, they are admirably adapted. When the grass, from which they derive their only food, is in good condition, these diminutive animals can travel from sixty to seventy miles in a day, sometimes, I am told, even reaching the extraordinary distance of ninety miles. Their size and build, of course, render them unfit for heavy work. It would greatly benefit the Navajos financially if the Government were to take steps to improve the breed of these horses by introducing some good American stock among them. From conversation that I have held with some of the Navajos, I feel convinced that they are not blind to the advantages likely to accrue to such an enterprise. In this way a valuable trade might be established with the whites and an additional source of revenue be opened to the Indians.

This is but one illustration of one way among many, that might be taken by the Government for the elevation of these people and for the establishment of more friendly relations between them and the whites. The best investment upon our part, even from the standpoint of self-interest, is to convince the

Indians that we are seriously concerned for their welfare. In this way we not only gain their friendship and respect, but by awakening in them an interest in the acquisition of property, we establish the strongest claims upon their good behavior. A man will not enter lightly into a quarrel who jeopards his property thereby. But to return to the events of our journey: As I have said, our course lay to the northeast—over the hills which immediately surround Fort Defiance—then out into the broad, sandy valleys, with their skirting of steep sandstone cliffs, whose weird, twisted forms furnish a striking feature in the landscape. The trail we followed led us for some distance by the side of a brawling, shallow stream, whose waters are formed by the melting snow upon the mountains. Later in the season, what is now a fierce torrent will give place to an arid gully, where no water is to be found. It is a matter of great importance for the development of this country that such streams should be utilized as far as possible. We noticed one spot on the banks of the stream where a dam might be erected without serious difficulty, and by which the water that now runs off uselessly might be retained for irrigation. Navajo labor might easily be secured for this work, as in the case of the dam now being built at Fort Defiance.

At noon we stopped to lunch and rest our horses. Almost opposite to the dwarf cedar tree around which our party was seated, and at a distance of several hundred yards from us, rose precipitously from the plain three lofty pinnacles of sandstone, one of which, from its striking resemblance to a colossal frog, is known as "Frog Butte." These great shafts of stone, entirely isolated as they are from the surrounding cliffs and standing like sentinels on the broad plain, present a strange and impressive appearance. Mr. Gardiner, who carried his camera with him, took a photograph of the butte before we started out again upon our journey.

The weather that we had experienced during the forenoon was mingled shade and sunshine, accompanied by a cold, invigorating breeze. We were overtaken just before reaching our midday

camping-ground by a sharp scurry of snow. During the course of our journey in the afternoon I enjoyed a sight strikingly characteristic of this Indian country, and one which has left a vivid impression upon my memory. Upon a broad stretch of plain, lit by the brilliant sunlight and swept by the pure breezes of this elevated region, we came upon a party of Navajo Indians, mounted on ponies and driving before them great flocks of sheep and goats. The men were wrapped in the accustomed blanket, with the scarlet handkerchief bound about their brows. The bridles were ornamented with silver. The dark faces of these shepherds of the wilderness, with their semi-barbaric attire, the bare mountain character of the landscape through which they moved, the flocks and herds surrounding them, canopied by a dusty cloud, that emitted incessant bleatings, suggested vividly a scene in the Orient that might have been taken from the days of the Patriarchs. A little further on we came upon another large flock of sheep driven by a young Indian girl. As we approached her we could not but be struck by the brilliant picturesqueness of her appearance. She was mounted on a little gray pony, seated astride a high-pommeled saddle, as is the wont of Indian women, her moccasined feet resting in broad Turkish stirrups. A Navajo blanket of rich and varied hue was wrapped about her shoulders, others rested on the back and hung over the haunches of her pony. Her long, black hair, without covering of any kind, was at the mercy of sun and wind; her face, which was not without a certain charm and comeliness, was faintly tinted in Indian fashion with vermillion. As we came near, a child of five or six years, who had been running along by the pony's side, evidently frightened by the approach of strangers, clambered up by the aid of the broad stirrup and the young girl's outstretched hand, and hid himself in the folds of the blanket at her back. As we came still closer we noticed that the girl carried on her saddle bows a kid that rested contentedly in her arms, doubtless too weak to follow the flock. The picture was complete. Mr. Gardiner made every effort through Chee, our interpreter, to induce the girl to allow herself to be photographed,

but not even the bribe of a hand looking-glass and a bright silver dollar could tempt her. She feared she would die if she consented. The Navajos have a superstitious dread of allowing their pictures to be taken (though this idea, judging from our experience, seems to be losing its hold upon them). They believe that when the likeness fades or is destroyed, their own life departs with it.

Toward three o'clock in the afternoon we came to the trading-tent of Messrs. Clark & Hubbell, two young men, the former from the State of Maine, the latter of Mexican and American parentage, who have just started what promises to be a successful trading-post among the Navajos. These gentlemen received us with cordial Western hospitality, and spared no pains to make us comfortable. Their improvised store consisted of a large tent securely fastened by cords and staples, so as to be capable of resisting the violent winds to which this country is subject. The undivided compartment of the great tent served as a place of business, a kitchen, and a sleeping-room. Across the front part of the tent a rough counter had been erected, backed by a high line of shelves, on which were piled rolls of red flannel, calico, cans of preserved vegetables and fruits, bags of coffee, sugar, and all the heterogeneous collection of goods suited to attract the eye and supply the wants of a semi-savage people. In front and behind the tent, huge bags stuffed with the wool of Navajo sheep, that had been received in trade from the Indians, lay waiting departure for the East. Trotting in over the plain from various directions came, singly or in small parties, Navajo men and women carrying bags of wool behind them and ready to do business with the traders. Others within the folds of the tent leaned reflectively across the counter, meditating with the slowness characteristic of Indian deliberation upon the nature and extent of their purchases. A scene so animated and varied could not but give pleasure to one in any degree appreciative of the picturesque.

The night of Thursday, May 15th, which found us the guests of Messrs. Clark & Hubbell, at the trading-post near Wash-

ington Pass, was clear and brilliant. The stars shone with a splendor peculiar to a very dry atmosphere—one of the charms of this wild region. As I wandered some distance from the tent without more definite purpose than to admire the beauty of the heavens and to enjoy the unbroken tranquillity of the hour and place, my eye was attracted by the bright light, apparently of a camp-fire, which was burning on the crest of a hill about two miles distant. Mr. Marshall and I, judging that some Navajos were camping there, started in the direction of the light, picking our way carefully, so as to avoid stumbling over the sage brush, with which the ground was covered, or falling into the prairie-dog holes scattered about in every direction.

After half an hour's walk our conjecture was proved to be correct, as we found ourselves in the midst of a party of Navajos, who were preparing to pass the night under the shelter of a strip of timber and within the warmth of a blazing fire. The party consisted of a man of forty or fifty years, whom we had noticed at the traders' tent during the afternoon, two young married women with their infants, a number of children of various ages, and three or four young men who came in on horseback, dismounted, and joined the group during our visit. We also noticed a very old woman with gray hair, who sat apart from the others, crooning monotonously to herself, under the shelter of a rude hut built of boughs. Two lambs and several dogs, lying close to the fire, completed the group. These dark-skinned people, their vigorous forms half clad with garments toned to a sober hue by long use, with here and there some bright, strong color glowing in the firelight against the bluish background of the night, presented a weird picture.

They seemed glad to see us, and Mr. Marshall, whose kind heart and pleasant ways have evidently made him popular with the Indians, soon entered into conversation with the principal man of the party. This man showed us his right hand, one finger of which had been paralyzed, now more than a year ago, by a blow received from a white man named Mitchell. Of him the Indians spoke very indignantly, saying again and again that

he "was no good whatever." Mitchell lives to the north of the Navajo Reservation in the country bordering on the San Juan River, where he keeps a trading store. Major Riordan frequently warned the Indians to keep away from this man on account of his ugly temper, which rendered it extremely difficult to have dealings with him without a quarrel being the result. During the past month of April, and just before I left my home for the Southwest, the papers contained startling accounts of a trouble that had occurred between Mitchell and some of the Navajos, with the prospect of an outbreak on the part of the whole tribe. This affair, though trifling in itself, gives quite a striking illustration of the slight foundation on which the greater number of so-called Indian massacres rest. Several Navajos, in spite of Major Riordan's warning, had gone to Mitchell's ranch for the purpose of selling a quantity of wool to him and receiving various kinds of articles in return. One of these men, in jest, but very improperly, it must be admitted, pointed an unloaded gun at some of Mitchell's cattle, and then at a child, a grandson of Mitchell's, who was standing near the store. Seeing this, Mitchell fired at the Indian with his rifle, killing him instantly. He then fired again at another Indian who was some distance away and who was not a party to the act of the man who had been shot, inflicting upon him a dangerous wound in the head. Hearing the firing, two Indian women who had been in the house escaped from the back door by the assistance of Mitchell's wife. As they were climbing over a fence in the rear of the house Mitchell fired at them, but without effect. The only act of retaliation of which the Indians were guilty was the theft of a number of Mitchell's cattle. Most of these the Indians returned shortly afterward, and they promise ultimately to restore the entire number.

This is the whole story, as I found it recorded in the Agency letter-book, of what was termed in the newspapers a massacre perpetrated by Navajo Indians.

The Indian by whose camp-fire we were seated told Mr. Marshall that he was very anxious to get a pair of shears for

sheep shearing. With but little expense or effort on our part much might be done among the Navajos to advance the methods by which this, their most important, industry is carried on. In this connection a few words from Major Riordan's last Annual Report to the Honorable Commissioner of Indian Affairs will be appropriate. Major Riordan says: "The wool clip this year will amount to about eight hundred thousand pounds. The wool does not come up to its usual standard this year, either in quantity or quality. The decrease in quantity is attributed to the very heavy loss of sheep during the severe winter of 1882–83. Many of these poor people lost every head of sheep they had. Some lost fifty per cent. One man, I know, who had a flock of one thousand head saved but thirteen. Losses of two, three, and five hundred were frequent. The method of shearing among the Navajos is crude, wasteful, and barbarous in the extreme. They catch a sheep and throw him down, the shearer sitting on the animal in any manner to suit his convenience. He proceeds to hack rather than clip the wool from it with a case knife, a piece of tin, or any instrument which can be whetted on a piece of sandstone. The result is, the sheep is sheared in chunks, so to speak, and not half the wool is realized that should be. The fleece will not average more than a pound apiece. The wool is never washed."

Mr. Marshall promised to give the Indian the shears that he asked for on his return to the agency, and, after we had bidden him and his party good-night, we made our way back to our tent.

That night we passed comfortably upon the ground, wrapped in blankets and using traveling sacks for pillows. The following day was cool and clear. Upon going outside the tent in the early morning I noticed in shaded places a thick coating of frost. As soon after breakfast as possible, our horses were saddled and mounted, and we were on our way to a spot six miles further in the mountains, where a sheep corral has recently been built by Major Riordan's orders. Soon after leaving the traders' tent, we found ourselves in a country thickly covered with pine timber.

This species of pine grows to a great height, but the fibre of the wood is inclined to be coarse and soft. This country seemed to have been the playground of violent thunder storms, for on all sides were trees that had been torn by the violence of the wind or blackened and splintered by the lightning. At ten o'clock we drew rein and dismounted at the sheep corral. A sheepfold with more beautiful surroundings it would be hard to discover. The great forest cast about it a benignant shade, and the cool breeze that played over it was loaded with the balmy odor of the pines. Above the tops of the highest trees arose a semicircle of mountains, their summits still glittering with snow. In one of the little valleys lying at the foot of the mountains, and in the immediate neighborhood of the corral, is a very fine spring of pure cold water. The sheep corral consists of a palisade built of pine logs planted vertically in the ground and about eight feet in height. The corral inclosed about two or three acres of ground. Close to it are three log houses, erected for the accommodation of those who have charge of the corral and the sheep which it is designed to shelter. The work of putting up these buildings has been done, and very well done, by Navajos under the direction of an intelligent white man. At the time of our arrival they were just completing their job. As Mr. Marshall suggested, school work might be immediately begun among the Indians in the neighborhood of this point. Two of the log houses already erected could be used for this purpose. The Indians would regard the project with favor, judging from the conversations which I had with some who came in during the course of the day. Principal among these was Herrero Segundo, a man of attractive countenance, splendid physical development, and who is the most noted hunter among his people. He, with his two sons, vigorous, intelligent boys of seven and ten years, passed the night with us at the sheep corral. Few persons could have looked upon these bright children, so full of life and animation, knowing that under present conditions they will grow up in the ignorance of their fathers, without praying that our Government may be induced to adopt toward the Navajos a wiser

and more humane policy. No efforts should be spared to secure the benefits of a practical education to every member of the rising generation. In the adoption of such a policy the welfare of white man and Indian is inseparably intertwined.

On the afternoon of Friday, May 16th, the day of our arrival at the sheep corral, I was returning from a stroll through one of the neighboring valleys which lie sheltered between the mountains. I had just climbed to the top of a steep ravine, through which a noisy stream, filled to overflowing by the melting snows, hurried downward. The scene which met my eye, striking in itself, was illustrative of a condition of things that soon must belong only to the past. It seemed to be a picture rather of the old West of early Colonial days, with its clearings and log cabins in the depth of the forest, than of the new West, with its lonely ranch and broad, shadeless prairie. In the immediate foreground lay a level sward, its fresh verdure heightened in brilliancy by the rays of the sun fast sinking toward the horizon. Beyond stood the sheep corral, with its palisade of pine stakes adjoining the three log huts. Around this scant evidence of man's presence and handiwork rose the solemn pines moaning in the cool evening breeze, and swaying their great, dark branches against the background of the mountains, blue with intervening haze. But a touch of human interest was not wanting, for in front of the cabins were little groups of Indians, clad in their picturesque parti-colored raiment, standing in various postures or stretched upon the ground with that peculiar, unconscious grace more common with uncivilized than with civilized man. A large fire was burning on the ground near the log huts. As I approached I noticed an Indian mounted on a small, spirited horse riding out from under the shadow of the pines. As he came near, his horse, frightened at the fire, curveted from side to side most gracefully, but so as to test the horsemanship of his rider. The appearance of the Indian was such as to attract my attention. His figure, tall and lightly built, was suggestive of grace and activity. His head was bound with the usual scarlet cloth. About his body he wore a close-fitting shirt of black

corduroy, and his knee-breeches were of the same material. His leggins and moccasins were made of tanned deerskin and ornamented with silver buttons. On his neck hung a chain of coral and turquoise. The turquoise seems to be held in high esteem among the Navajos, and pieces of it descend as heirlooms from father to son. The face of this man was one of marked intelligence—the nose aquiline, the lips firm and thin, the dark eyes full of fire, the whole expression animated. It was Paiche-la-Ki (worker in white iron), one of the best silversmiths of the tribe. I had subsequently an opportunity to examine several specimens of this man's work, which, considering how limited must have been his opportunities for acquiring a knowledge of his art, evinced quite remarkable skill.

Mr. Gardiner and I held a lengthy conversation with Paiche-la-Ki, and found him progressive in his ideas. He said he was anxious to learn more concerning his art, and told us also that he was about to build himself a log hut to replace his hogan or wicky-up. Quite a number of Navajos, I learned, are on the eve of a similar improvement in their manner of living, which I take to be an interesting sign of advancement among them. The hogan, which is the only kind of shelter against storm and cold that these Indians at present employ, is the rudest form of dwelling imaginable. It is a hut built of the boughs and trunks of small trees, inclosing sufficient space to accommodate a family with its scanty property. The roof and sides of the hut are smeared with mud, which, soon becoming baked under the action of dry air and hot sun, renders the dwelling tolerably waterproof. The hogan, for additional shelter and support, is frequently placed against the side of a hill. The Navajos, among a multitude of superstitions, have one regarding death that is curious and to them must be attended with much loss and inconvenience. They avoid always, if possible, the occurrence of a death in their hogan. If any one is sick and dissolution seems close at hand, an opening is made in the north side of the hut, through which the sufferer is drawn into the open air, where he is allowed to die. Should an inmate of the hogan die unexpectedly

in the night or before this precaution can be taken, the hogan is abandoned and the occupants build themselves a home elsewhere.

That night Mr. Marshall, Mr. Gardiner, and I slept on the earth floor of one of the cabins by the sheep corral. Our rather crowded quarters were shared by eight Navajos. The night was clear and cold, and through the unglazed window when at times I rose to supply the dying fire with a fresh log I could see the stars shining over the dark outline of the mountains. It seemed very far away from civilization.

The following morning at an early hour we were again in the saddle on our way back to Fort Defiance. We stopped for a few moments at the trading tent of Messrs. Clark & Hubbell to collect some blankets and other articles which we had previously purchased from the Indians, and then pressed on rapidly, reaching the agency about two o'clock in the afternoon. A word regarding Navajo blankets. It has occurred to many persons who have seen and used these articles of Indian manufacture that a sale might be found for them in the East. They are woven for the most part of native wool by Navajo women, and are durable, heavy, rich in coloring, and original in design. I am told that most of them are water-proof, and that they will outlast the best blankets of our own manufacture. They may be used in a variety of ways, as bed-covering, saddle blankets, foot-rugs, or portieres. In price they have a wide range—from one dollar to one hundred, or even upward. Very good specimens, serviceable for ordinary purposes, of pleasing color and design, can be bought for from five to ten dollars.

Upon our arrival at the Agency I found an Indian awaiting our return who had come from his home, distant fifty miles from Fort Defiance, to see us. He is one of the Navajo chiefs who accompanied Major Riordan on a visit to the East during the past winter. He met me in Philadelphia, and now seemed highly pleased to extend a welcome to Mr. Gardiner and myself in his own country. I believe that much good may be accomplished by bringing representative men of such a tribe as the Navajos,

the members of which have no opportunity of clearly understanding the power of the white man, where they may see the wealth and extent of our civilization. The impression produced on those men who accompanied Major Riordan was profound, and the stories they have told of their visit since their return have had a wide circulation among their people. Previous to this journey they had no conception of the vast numbers and extraordinary inventions of the whites. The result has been to awaken in their own minds the strong desire for the progress of their own race. This they see can only be obtained through the education of their children.

On Saturday evening, the night of our return to Fort Defiance, we witnessed a medicine dance, in which about a dozen of the Indians took part. It was neither a very interesting nor edifying performance. The men formed in two lines facing each other, holding in their hands little tin boxes filled with pebbles. These they rattled as they danced, keeping time to an accompaniment of demoniacal shoutings and howlings. One could not but pity the sick man whose case might be submitted to their ministrations.

The following day was Sunday, and as there was no clergyman within one hundred miles of the Agency, I asked Mr. Marshall's permission to conduct a lay service in the school-room for the benefit of the employees and those Indians who might care to be present. Mr. Marshall cordially assented. Quite a fair congregation gathered in the large upper room of the school-house. Most of the Agency employees were present and a few Indian women. The children of the school looked and listened in wondering silence. A few hymns, part of the liturgy of the Episcopal Church, an extemporaneous prayer, and a brief address composed our service. At its conclusion the Pawnee Indian girl from Carlisle thanked us, with tears in her eyes, for the privilege of hearing words to which her ears had long been a stranger. She had become a member of the Presbyterian Church during her school days in Pennsylvania. Her emotion was simple and genuine, yet she is an Indian.

When will these poor people, now sitting in darkness and the shadow of death, see the Great light?—a people to whom this nation, calling itself Christian, has dealt oftener in the spirit of Satan than of Christ.

On the morning of Tuesday, May 20th, Mr. Gardiner and I started upon our second and last journey taken within the boundaries of the Navajo Reservation. Our objective point was Keam's Cañon, distant about seventy miles from Fort Defiance. Our escort and guide was Captain Sam, one of the fifteen United States Indian policemen who are charged with the preservation of order within a territory comprising ten thousand square miles and numbering between seventeen and eighteen thousand inhabitants. The general faithfulness of the native police to the trust committed to them and the general good behavior of the great body of Indians, over whom little legal restraint beyond the will of the agent may be exerted, is worthy of our serious consideration. I cannot recall a single instance coming within my knowledge where an Indian policeman has betrayed his trust. Doubtless there are such instances, but the great weight of evidence shows that Indians, when trusted, have proved reliable, and that their best qualities are developed by responsibility. On the Northern Reservations, where supplies in large quantities must be transported from the line of the railroad to the agency, this work of late years has been taken out of the hands of white contractors and intrusted to Indian freighters with excellent results. One of the best agents among the Sioux informed me that at his agency no losses had been sustained by the Government through the carelessness or dishonesty of the Indians who handled supplies.

But to return. We found Captain Sam, an amiable, light-hearted fellow, always in a good humor and always ready to laugh. He could not speak more than two or three words of English, but notwithstanding performed his duties as guide very well. Our route lay through a country quite varied and broken in its natural features. After ascending the steep and rocky sides of Bonito Cañon, a difficult task even for our Indian

ponies, we traveled for many miles through stretches of pine forest. We found water only once during a journey of thirty miles, and even that will have disappeared by midsummer. We finally left the forest behind us and came into the open country, where the ground was flat or gently rolling, and sage-brush, diminutive pines, stunted cedars, a species of small cactus, and the Spanish bayonet formed the principal vegetation. This was the character of the country all the way to Keam's Cañon, excepting here and there the plain was scarred by a deep "aroya," or lifted itself into a lofty "mesa," up whose precipitous sides our horses could with difficulty pick their way. From the summit of one of these table-lands, on our second day's journey, we caught sight of San Francisco Mountain, lying ninety miles beyond us, its snowy summit hidden in the clouds.

We passed our first night at the Trading Ranch of Messrs. Hubbell & Pillsbury, to whose kindness and hospitality we are much indebted. Lorenzo Hubbell is an elder brother of the Mr. Hubbell whose name occurs earlier in my report. He is engaged in a successful business as a trader with the Indians. We found him most courteous and agreeable, and possessing a clear and intelligent mind. His home is in St. Johns, Arizona, where, judging from the account which he gave us, the most bitter hostility and jealousy exists between the American population of the town and the large Mormon element, by which it is about balanced in numbers. The ballot seemed to be not the only weapon with which the contending parties fought for municipal control, but a frequent display of revolver and rifle was made by either side, with a view at least to overawe the enemy, if not to inflict upon him a physical injury. We have since had evidence that St. Johns is not the only border town where Mormon and Gentile regard each other with deadly hatred, and where the appeal to arms has resulted in bloodshed and murder.

On both days of our journey from Fort Defiance to Keam's Cañon the horizon behind us was frequently black with angry thunder-clouds, so that we expected at any moment to be over-

taken by a drenching rain. Nothing but an occasional light shower reached us, however, though we learned subsequently that a very heavy rain had fallen over the route we had traversed. I remark this apparently trifling incident because it is very unusual for any rain to fall in this section during the dry season. Possibly the approach of civilization and the introduction of railroads are producing some modification of the climate here, as they seem to have done in other parts of the West.

On the afternoon of Wednesday, May 21st, we reached Keam's Cañon. The storm-clouds had passed away and the evening was bright and beautiful, as our road suddenly dipped down from the dry desert table-land into a rich and narrow valley, watered by abundant springs and green with refreshing verdure. As it lay there in the afternoon sunlight, winding through the tumbled masses of white cliffs that hemmed it in, Keam's Cañon seemed to us attractive as an oasis in the desert to the eye of the wayworn traveler. Mr. Keam is an Englishman, who has long made this remote and inaccessible spot his home. Here he has erected four or five good stone buildings, one story in height, has conducted a successful trade with the Indians, and has made the miniature valley about him bloom and blossom as the rose. Buildings and farm were in perfect order, and gave evidence of the intelligence and industry which presided over them. From Mr. Keam and several of his friends, who were staying with him at the time of our arrival, we received a most hospitable reception, and, during the three days of our stay, nothing that could add to our comfort was neglected. Mr. Keam, who settled here before the country about him was included in the Reservation, is now anxious to part with his property to the Government for the establishment of an Indian industrial school. The proposition was brought up before the Indian Committee of the Senate toward the close of the last session of Congress, but, though seemingly regarded with favor by the Committee, so far as I have been able to ascertain, no provision for a purchase of the property was included in the appropriation bill as it was finally approved by Congress.

There are several reasons for which, in my judgment, this property would be well-suited to the needs of an industrial school: 1st. It is well watered and fertile, and supplied with buildings that, if not large enough for the accommodation of many pupils, would at least form a nucleus which might be developed as occasion required. 2d. The cañon is very conveniently situated, both as regards many of the Navajos, who are too remote from the school already established at Fort Defiance, and also those of the Moqui Indians, whose villages are but twelve miles distant.

On the morning after our arrival, Mr. Gardiner and I started upon an excursion to the homes of these curious people. Dr. Jeremiah Sullivan, a very intelligent and amusing man, who for several years has lived in the Moqui village, studying the language and customs of its inhabitants, was our guide.

After emerging from the mouth of the cañon our road brought us into the open plain, which became more arid, bare, and desolate as we advanced. Lofty mountains, amethyst-colored and exquisitely delicate in outline, rose at intervals upon the horizon. A sky of purest blue hung above us and about us as everywhere fell the intense, unbroken sunlight. The heat was great, but the air so dry as not to occasion discomfort. Off to our right rose a long, rugged line of rock, like a huge antediluvian monster turned to stone. The summit of this abrupt elevation is six hundred feet above the plain. Our road turned toward it, and, as we approached, we could see high up upon the summit of the cliff the outline of the Moqui village, the houses (similar, in many respects, to those of the other pueblos) at first being scarcely distinguishable from the native rock on which they stood. Here and there on the roofs of the houses a dark moving object, which closer scrutiny proved to be a human being, was outlined against the sky. At the base of the cliff many of the Moqui men were working in their sandy cornfields. As we began the ascent we passed a small peach orchard. The trees, which grew out of hopeless-looking sand, were covered with pale pink blossoms that breathed upon the

air a delightful fragrance. The ascent to the village, which was very precipitous, wound in and out among huge fragments of rock, and suggested the thought constantly to the mind, "What a wonderful natural stronghold, and with how little labor its approaches might be rendered absolutely secure against attack!" On reaching the top we found ourselves entering one of the three Moqui villages which crown the cliff. It is impossible to describe the strange sense of isolation and elevation which we experienced upon first coming into this curious place. I have never felt anything at all similar to it. The eye looks down, as from the masthead of a vessel, upon an illimitable sea of sand sweeping out and out toward the mountainous horizon. The distance impresses the beholder with a sense of indescribable majesty and silence, while every object in the immediate foreground speaks of the peculiar customs and methods of life practiced by a people upon whom time has wrought but little change.

The summit of the cliff on which we found ourselves was quite flat, and at certain points between the villages was probably seventy-five to one hundred feet in width. Along the centre a deep furrow had been worn by the treading of centuries. The largest of the two villages which we visited was a curious collection of houses, similar in construction to those which we had formerly seen at San Ildefonso. They were piled one upon another like the cells of the honey-comb, while from doors and windows their occupants peered at us with eager curiosity. Children tumbled or wrestled with one another on the very edge of the precipice, which broke off from the sides of the village in a sheer descent of six hundred feet; others scampered over the roofs—up and down the ladders which led from house to house. I visited a number of the people in their homes. In all cases I was kindly received. We wandered at will during the afternoon through the two streets of the village and climbed from roof to roof by means of wooden ladders and flights of narrow stone steps. We were much attracted by the bright, pretty faces of the Moqui girls of twelve or fourteen years. Up to marriageable age they have a very droll fashion of dressing the hair. It is plaited in

the middle, is then drawn smoothly and tightly over the head, and is rolled at either side into two enormous puffs. I could not but contrast the intelligent, vivacious expression on the faces of these children with the dull, lustreless countenances of the older women. The natural fire of childhood burns to a maturity where no intelligent surroundings fan the flame and where there is no fuel of thought upon which it may feed. Thus far our civilization seems to have offered little hope for the Moquis. Mr. Sullivan is anxious to aid them if some opportunity were to present itself. He is himself a physician and spoke to me of their need of medicines. They have at present neither agent, missionary, nor schoolmaster. The entire population on the rock numbers, he told me, three hundred. The Moquis are a mild, peaceful people, possessing sheep, goats, and some ponies. They subsist principally upon corn, which they raise in the sandy fields at the base of their cliff. About sundown we could see the men, their great, heavy hoes upon their shoulders, beginning their toilsome ascent homeward after the labors of the day were over. As night closed in upon us we retired to Mr. Sullivan's room (of which the ceiling was so low that we could not stand upright without striking our heads against it), not caring to wander after nightfall in a place where neither lamp nor candle relieved the darkness, and where one false step might plunge one down six hundred feet of precipice.

Limited space and limited knowledge alike prevent my speaking fully of the customs and needs of these interesting people. Their greatest need may, however, be expressed in one word—education. It is a matter, in my judgment, of the most vital importance that the children of the Moquis should be placed immediately in school, and that this school should be somewhat removed from their village. It should not be placed in the village itself, because old traditions and present surroundings would greatly restrict its influence. Nor should it be too far distant from the village, because parents would refuse to send their children to it.

When, let me ask in conclusion, will the intelligent and

Christian people of the United States confer upon these Indians the blessing of education? The power is within our own hands. Why should it not be speedily exercised? And where there is power, let us remember, there must of necessity be responsibility.

On the following day we bid farewell to the Moquis, returned to Mr. Keam's, and then made our way back as rapidly as possible to Fort Defiance.

Before saying farewell to the Navajos and to Fort Defiance, I desire to present to my readers, for their careful consideration, an extended quotation from Major Riordan's report to the Hon. Commissioner of Indian Affairs, under date of August 14th, 1883. In vigorous style, and with a strong sense of humor, Major Riordan pictures the pressing needs of the Navajo Indians and the almost insuperable difficulties which lie in the path of him who would run to their relief. Major Riordan says:

"This reservation is situated on the elevated table-land known as the Colorado Plateau, and lies partly in New Mexico and partly in Arizona. It is about one hundred and five miles square, and embraces something over ten thousand square miles of the most worthless land that ever laid out-doors. It is wholly a sandstone mesa country, with occasional patches of valley land susceptible of cultivation by the rude Indian methods. It is almost waterless—in fact, a barren, rocky desert. What water does exist is alkaline, and nearly all of it is such as any well-regulated animal east of the Rockies would refuse to drink; still, it is the only kind available for these people and the white workers among them. The face of the country is almost entirely rock. Rock everywhere. No soil, as such; simply the sand and debris accumulated in the lower spots by ages of erosion and the action of water since the "early days" when the world was new. An Illinois or Iowa or Kansas farmer would laugh to scorn the assertion that you could raise anything in the sandy beds which form the planting grounds of this people.

"Seventeen thousand Indians manage to extract their living (in addition to the mutton, which forms the staple article of food) from these spots, and that, too, without any Government

aid. If they were not the best Indians on the continent they would not do it. The United States has never fulfilled its promise made to them by treaty. It is safe to assume that it never will. As I have resigned, and am about to leave here, and will probably be relieved before this report is read, I may be pardoned for resuming my rights and privileges as a citizen and speaking plainly of the gross wrongs perpetrated by the Government on the Navajos and on the Navajo Agency. Whether that treatment is due to ignorance, malice, or neglect, it is time something was done to remedy existing evils, and I should feel lacking in the performance of a plain duty if I failed to point out a few of them.

"The character of the country, as already briefly described, makes it incumbent on these Indians to depend almost entirely on their flocks for a livelihood. Their sheep and goats furnish their staple food, and from the sale of wool they procure the other necessaries, flour, sugar, and coffee. These comprise almost their entire range of food supplies.

"Heretofore little in the way of aid has been furnished by the Government for the sick, indigent, and helpless Indians, the agent being compelled to see them suffer under his eyes and to close his ears to their requests, or else supply the much-needed articles at his own expense. Coming, as I did, fresh from business life, and knowing the failure of the Government to fulfill its obligations to them, I for a time did my best to supply their needs. I spent some eight hundred dollars in that way. I thought I could do for the United States what I could for any honest business man, firm, or corporation in the country—that is, make up for its omissions; and that, upon proper representations, the money would be repaid. I found, however, that the United States does not pay anything it can avoid. I was compelled to stop that, of course, in self-preservation. How any man could turn a deaf ear to the sufferings I witnessed here last winter, to the cries of hungry women and children, whose only support had perished, owing to the severity of the winter, and who were thus deprived of all means of livelihood, puzzles me.

But that impersonal myth, the Government, neither sees nor hears these things; and if any of its officers has humanity enough in him to heed them, he pays the expenses. I do not state this for my own benefit. I shall not be here when any action is had on these matters, if it ever is. What I have done is done. The money it cost me is dead loss. An institution which does not fulfill its written obligations cannot be expected to sustain its officers in an action dictated by any such weak sentiment as humanity. But for the sake of the unfortunate individual who has to wrestle with this work hereafter, I desire to call your attention to the need of strengthening his hands and sustaining him in doing the right.

"When I came here there was not an ounce of hay or grain at this agency; there was not an ounce of provisions of any kind for issue; the thermometer ranged as low as twenty degrees below zero (and we are over seven thousand feet above the sea); there was not a horse that could walk two miles without falling down from sheer fatigue caused by hunger and age, and I was compelled to buy food for them at my own expense rather than see them die of starvation. This at an agency for seventeen thousand people. There was not a house that would keep out the snow or rain. The roofs leaked, the water ran in on the floors (the floors are below the level of the ground). In a word, the agent and employees who were to lift up these people to a higher plane, to carry out the civilizing policy of the Government, were expected to live in a lot of abandoned huts, condemned by special, regular, and annual reports as unfit to live in fifteen years ago, condemned by every one who has ever seen them since, and repeatedly damned by all who have been compelled to occupy them. They are full of vermin and utterly unfit for human habitation. I have had to tie my children in chairs to keep them out of the water on the floors in midwinter. I have seen my wife, a delicate lady, and who was at that time nursing a baby, walking around with wet feet on the floors of the agent's palatial quarters in a freezing atmosphere, and there wasn't a dry room or a warm room in the house. I have seen,

as soon as the weather began to moderate, the snakes come out of the walls of those same palatial quarters. You wonder we *kick*. Of course we do. I sent my family away and sent in my resignation (the first time) in June, because I felt that the condition *never would* be bettered. It is not to be supposed that the Government would pay any more attention to the matter *now* than it has heretofore. Through all the weary years since this agency was located here those who did this work before me have begged, pleaded, implored for a place to live in, but all to no purpose. Why don't the Government give an agent here as good a shelter as it gives a mule at Fort Wingate?

"I was told repeatedly by influential and well-meaning friends, verbally and by letter, to 'hold on,' 'be patient,' 'we can't do it all in a month,' 'just wait till Congress meets,' etc. You have heard it all repeatedly. The meeting of Congress would have been very consoling no doubt, had I buried one of my loved ones as the result of this experiment. My family is not enduring this now, thank God; but the conditions are not bettered a bit (only that the weather is warmer), and the family of the agency physician *is* putting up with it in the hope that something will be done. I predict they won't stand it all next winter. 'Wait till Congress meets.' Wait until an indifferent Congress gets good and ready, and if this one doesn't, wait for the next; but don't forget to wait. The same old song for the Indian, too.

"Last winter I promised the Indians I would go among them and visit the portions of their country which I had never seen. I have always felt that it was an agent's duty to make himself personally familiar with the entire country covered by his Indians; to know their wants, their habits, their resources, the climatic conditions, the amount and kinds of stock owned by them, the number of families, the number of children of school age—in short, an agent ought to know his Indians. These Indians range over not only the country embraced within the limits of the Reservation as defined on maps, but far into the adjoining lands. They are found to the south of Zuñi, as far

east as the Rio Grande, on the north in Colorado and Utah, and to the west as far as the Little Colorado, as well as on the banks of the main Colorado. Many disputes have arisen between them and the surrounding whites. Many are rankling to-day. The Navajos cover more than fifteen thousand square miles of territory.

"When I announced my intention of visiting the country they inhabit and of examining into all matters of interest to them, it was joyfully received by the Indians as well as by the whites, who had been patiently waiting for some authoritative determination of the question so long unsettled. Fifteen thousand square miles of mountain country is a good deal of ground for any one man to cover in the few breathing spells one gets while doing the clerical work for over seventeen thousand nomadic Indians in quadruplicate. I managed to make fourteen trips among the tribe during the six months from January to June, in spite of the onerous conditions placed upon me by Congress; but in denying an agent for these Indians any clerical assistance, that body prevents his performing any of the higher duties of his office almost as effectually as if it forbade his doing so.

"The Reservation lines have never been surveyed. Oh! how often I have written those words. And how much they mean to the man in charge here. How in the world am I to be always right on questions of jurisdiction, guarding this immense tract with its restless occupants? Must an agent continue to assume (as I have had to) that the Reservation is right where he happens to be? There isn't a mark on the ground.

"This work is a brick-without-straw task all the way through. If a man has the mental and physical qualities demanded, the patience to endure, he can take those to a much better market—and he need not travel far. Any man who fills the bill here is worth three thousand dollars a year 'and found.' He is entitled to a good, comfortable house to live in, furnished; at least as good as an ordinary mechanic occupies 'in the States.' I do not believe the Government will get the right man for less. It could not keep me for a quarter of a cent less. But I con-

sider myself 'discharged, cured;' I plead for the future worker in this field.

"The Government ought to do something for the development of water on this Reservation. There are places where the supply of water is barely sufficient for the needs of a few, and where, I think, a small sum properly expended would develop sufficient water to irrigate considerable land. In other places water has cut a channel through the loose, sandy soil, into which it finally sinks, until the present beds of the little stream are thirty or forty feet below their former levels. These places are abandoned. Suitable dams would cause them to become productive by enabling the Indians to irrigate, and induce the natives to make permanent homes.

"Since I came here I have freed some twenty persons from slavery. A regular system has been in active operation among these Indians from time immemorial. I determined to put an end to it. The slaves are descendants of war captives and of persons sold into slavery from other tribes. The original bondsmen were Utes, Comanches, Apaches, Moquis, Jemez, and from other tribes. Some were Mexicans captured in infancy. It is estimated that there are some three hundred slaves in the hands of the tribe. My plan was to prevent any concert of action in opposition to the freeing the slaves, by taking each clan or gens and dealing with it singly. By judiciously fostering the jealousies and rivalries I found existing between them, I have so far succeeded in doing my work without open resistance, although some pretty violent talk was indulged in; and I was paid a visit one day by forty of the worst in the tribe, armed to the teeth, and prepared for a fight. I carried my point, however, and freed the very slaves they swore they would not surrender. This work ought to continue. Slavery should be eradicated.

"Upon taking charge of the agency numerous complaints came to me in reference to horse-stealing by the Indians. I set myself to work to stop it, and by active measures and doing my work in person, I have been able to do something toward that end. I have taken away from the Indians forty-six head of

stolen horses and over five hundred sheep. Of the horses fourteen were returned to their owners, and of the sheep, all but thirty-two. The balance of the horses and thirty-two sheep were sold at public auction, under instructions from your office, after being advertised for three months under the laws of the Territory of Arizona, the proceeds, after defraying expenses, being turned over to the county treasurer of Apache County, Arizona, by the justice of the peace who made the sale.

"We have a saw mill, which, I am told, cost ten thousand dollars to place in position. The only covering for this valuable and useful machinery is the sky. It lies there exposed to the snow and the rain, to the sandstorm and the blizzard, rusting, rotting, and with a fine forest of pine timber within a rifle shot. I have begged, implored, clamored for money to cover its nakedness. It makes me angry every time I look at it. I have offered to start it up at my own expense (the money to be refunded to me), and to net five hundred dollars a month to this tribe without the cost of a dollar to the United States. This, too, must 'wait for Congress.' It may be law, but it isn't business.

"The interest I take in this work is my only reason for stating these matters. The indifference, the neglect of the legislative branch of the Government in regard to this important work, is not conducive to serenity of disposition. I have found in the Honorable Secretary of the Interior, and in your office, a most earnest desire to do all that was possible to elevate this people. The history of mankind shows that the advance from barbarism to civilization has been by series of steps or jumps rather than by a gradual forward movement. The Navajos have been standing still, in a transition period, for some time. They are ready for a jump. Shall it be a forward one? It can be made so by wise action, and where they set their feet when they alight there they will remain for a time. If this generation is given the proper impulse, the next will be a wealth-producing factor in the civilization of the Southwest.

"Congress ought to do something to enable such of these

Indians as are willing and of the right calibre to take up land without being compelled to pay for it. It ought to devise means to protect them against being swindled. I know a most deserving Indian who selected a ranch one hundred miles from the Reservation twelve years ago. He has lived there ever since quietly, has raised seven children, has built a house and corral. Four years ago he went to Santa Fé to get a title to his land. He paid some scoundrel one hundred and sixty dollars for a worthless paper, the man representing himself as the United States land agent. I reported these facts, and sent the paper the Indian had received from this swindler to your office, but nothing was done. That sort of work discourages others who are willing, and who have both the desire and the ability to become independent men.

"The Navajos are, in my judgment, the most independent, self-reliant Indians we have; and I believe that in native shrewdness and intellect they are superior to any other tribe in the country. They are all armed, and well armed.

"I am, very respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

"D. M. RIORDAN,

"United States Indian Agent.

"The Commissioner of Indian Affairs."

On Thursday, May 29th, we left the agency for the last time and turned our faces toward the headquarters of General Crook, at Whipple Barracks, Arizona. Here, in General Crook's absence, we had the pleasure of meeting, among other army officers, Captain John G. Bourke, a gentleman of the fullest information regarding Indians, and consequently stanch in his friendship for them.

At Prescott, Arizona, the capital of the Territory, situated only a mile distant from Whipple Barracks, we made the acquaintance of a number of citizens, who sympathized warmly with us in the prosecution of our work. Our efforts to establish a Branch Association in Prescott, which at first seemed likely to

be successful, ultimately failed. A meeting was called to consider the feasibility of forming an organization at which several prominent citizens were present, who expressed themselves as favorable to the project, but as others thought the time not yet ripe for such an enterprise, nothing further was done. After leaving Prescott, which we did with a warm sense of gratitude for the kindness shown us both by officers of the army and by civilians, we proceeded to Hackberry, Arizona. Here we were cordially received by Captain F. E. Pierce, of the First Infantry. Hackberry, at the time of our visit, was the centre from which the Hualpais Indians obtained their rations. Through the kindness of Captain Pierce we were able to enjoy an extremely interesting and valuable interview with Mr. Charles Spencer, a gentleman thoroughly acquainted with the past history and present needs of this unfortunate and degraded tribe, and who was himself, many years ago, the hero of a frightful experience among them from which he narrowly escaped with his life. Our visit to the Hualpais, occupying but a single day, was too brief for more than a glance at their wretched condition. I will, however, give the following extract from a letter from Mr. Spencer addressed to myself under date of August 20th, 1884. I submit this, as it contains valuable suggestions as to the immediate needs of these people. After vividly describing his desperate hand-to-hand conflict with these Indians when they were on the war-path, he says:

"I do not blame the Indians so much as some people think I ought. It was war-time with them, and their men, women, and children had been killed by the whites; so why not retaliate, it being part of their nature; and besides, I have seen some of their children killed after having been taken captive. * * * * There are, all told, about seven hundred and thirty Hualpais. The rations now on hand will last till about the 20th of October. They will then have a hard winter before them, and as yet it is not known whether there has been any provisions made for purchasing rations when those on hand are all issued.